



GROWING TOMATOES.

Training the vines so that they are strings of beauty.

Thinking that your readers might be interested in the manner in which I grow a tomato vine eight feet in height, I have had an illustration made which, with the description I give, will make it very easy to understand. First, procure two poles three or four inches in diameter at the large end, and ten feet in length. Place them on the ground, side by side, so they will be about twenty inches apart at the large end and ten inches apart at the small end. Next, make some slats one inch thick by two or three inches in width. Nail one across at the top, another thirty inches from the large ends, and three more between, so as to be an equal distance apart. Then set firmly in the ground, and with a hoe or spade make a basin-shaped hole at the base of this ladder large enough to hold a pail of water. Set the plant in the center, and after it has got well rooted and steady, say fifteen inches in height, it should be tied to the first slat and the hole filled with water several times each day. When it has grown pretty well up to the second slat you must push the vine toward the side on which the first slat was nailed. Then nail on a slat on the other side of

LUCKLESS BABIES.

A Strange Phase of Life in New York and Other Large Cities.

It used to be thought that a mother's tenderness was something no power could efface, but when one examines the condition of the suffering indigent, and especially of those who owe it to some degree to themselves that they are in want, one is led to modify such opinion. Almost all of the mothers among these people who come under condemnation, however, are they that have degraded themselves by the use of intoxicants. The mother has to become lower than a beast before she can abuse her baby. But when the records of soliceties for the aid of children show that children in arms have been whipped with thongs and straps, have been thrown as missiles from one infuriated parent to another, have been scoured with hot irons by mad and drunken fathers and mothers, have even met with worse cruelty, too shocking for recital in our sensitive ears, one sees how possible it is for man and woman to fall into a condition even lower than that of the brutes.

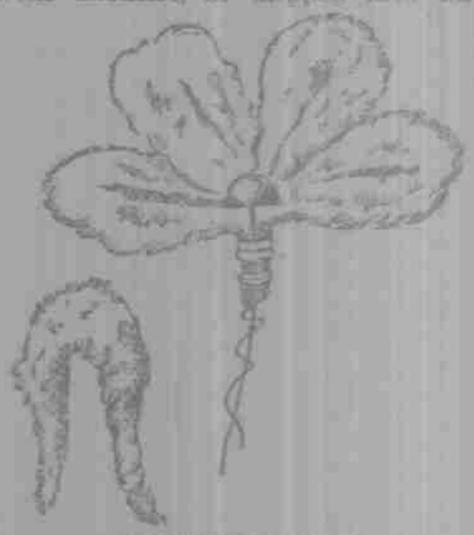
That a mother can desert her newborn baby, leaving it to the mercy of the rats, or even do so knowing that speedy death is the best thing that can happen to it, we are all aware; but when a child is found creeping in the garbage of a tenement house yard, it seems as if the child had been in the mother's arms long enough for love to have grown so that such desertion would be impossible. It is quite difficult to understand the condition of a mother who craves strong drink to such an extent that she sells wardrobe and bedclothes and furniture to buy it while her children starve, or splits chair and table for kindling-wood rather than spend for that the money that goes to the drunks or even that of the more kindly-disposed women who dulls cold and hunger for their children by giving them the poison too. The cat loves her kittens better than that; she does not cast them off till they can do for themselves; the wild bear of the woods who dies for her cubs at need is the noblest animal.

It should move the heart of every mother who has been kept from temptation herself, and whose easy darlings are shielded by warm tenderness, to think of these wretched little beings who would be too amazed, if brought into such happiness as theirs, to know what it meant. It should seem to these fortunate mothers that it is not enough to do their duty within their own four walls; that a part of their duty lies beyond, where these little creatures are to be found in their sorrows and distress; and that aside from the obligation to the neighbor thus involved is the further obligation to their own children of preventing, as far as may be, such ruin.—Harper's Magazine.

CHENILLE FLOWERS.

A Rich Trimming for Hats Which Can Be Made at Home.

Chenille flowers in shades of red from palest pink to deepest crimson, also in yellow and white, are a rich garniture for hats. Six petals compose a flower, each being formed of a piece of wire five inches long, covered with chenille and bent into a loop as shown in cut. A large headed pin forms the center about which the petals are ranged. Long wires extended for the stem are either covered with chenille, or slipped into large



CHENILLE FLOWERS.

rubber tubing. A pleasing variety is obtained by varying the depth of the color used and the size of the flowers. Buds are simulated by fastening three loops to a stem. A hat trimmed with nothing but such flowers, either in clusters or strung over a broad drop-in-brim, is exceedingly becoming, and represents a pretty bit of work in the murky lass between winter and spring.—Anna Hinrichs, in Rural New Yorker.

Female Clerks in Drug Stores.

Why don't more druggists employ one woman clerk at least? One meets women behind the counter of most tradesmen, but they are seldom seen here, where they would often be most peculiarly welcome. This has nothing to do with their studying and qualifying themselves as chemists, and with their doing up a doctor's prescriptions. It only means their waiting on the many women who go into a druggist's, and hardly care to inform the waiting man of their illnesses and their needed remedies. If women ever want to be treated by their own sex it is in a drug store.

The Great Willow Card.

One pint flour; 1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder; butter size of an egg; cold water to mix. Sift flour and baking powder several times, rub in the butter, then add water enough to mix nicely. This quantity will make four pies.



OVERHEARD ON THE MARKET.

FIRST EGG—See here, this Easter business is getting to be a chestnut. I'm tired of being dangled all up.

SECOND EGG—I don't like being pecked at myself.

SOME HAPPENINGS.

As Reported by a Local Scribe on the Bonewill Bugle.

Ye local took in the grand full dress ball given at St. John's Valley last Friday evening by Arch Walton's mother in honor of his return from Shawson's Corner, where he has been acting as managing director of the Lone Star sawmill in place of his father, who has gone to Dwight on personal business. With Cooper's string band furnished the music, and 31 couples tripped the light fantastic until the "wee sma' hours ayont the clock."

We have received a letter from Liberty, with its accompanying offering a poem of 18 stanzas, entitled "The Rancher's Doom," in exchange for subscription and job work, which we have gladly accepted. Grady decline. We have had no much pleasure in "The Rancher's Doom" at this juncture as we are in replacing our woodpiles and raising the funds to pay for 45 additional acres of timberland due here next week from St. Louis. If Clermont has a cord or two of green hickory or some of Uncle Sam's L. O. U.'s, we should be glad to talk business with him, or a visit to placing his name on the subscription list of Honeymoon's leading farm, literary and political journal.

The beautiful and thrilling drama of "Last Lynne," which is to be presented at Perkins Opera House next Saturday evening by the Galaxy Dramatic company of New York, will be the great amusement event of this season in this city. We saw this play performed during our visit to St. Louis in the winter of 1888 and can truly say that there was not a dry eye in the house. The closing performance in said city will be given by Miss Bessie Soller, who will introduce her highly celebrated serpentine dances during the second act.

Our article in last week's Bugle announcing President Cleveland's Hawaiian policy has received a reply from the White House, from the chairman of the slaves committee. This silence speaks for itself and needs no comment.

Harry Smiler of Norton's Hill Sunday in this city last week, Harry is as handsome as ever, and Dame Fortune whispers that Honeyville is a powerful attraction for him in the person of one of our most stylish and beautiful young ladies. Good luck to you, Harry!

Mrs. James Stimson of Beaver township pleasantly surprised the editor's family a few days ago by presenting them with a large crock of the most delicious elderberry jam it has ever been our pleasure to enjoy. Mrs. Stimson is a zealous Christian woman and a generous neighbor who is never so happy as when doing kind acts to the poor and needy whom she meets on the pathway of life. Many thanks, Mrs. S.

We have this office nine dozen and odd pots of "Whacker's" mucilage and infinite hair growth, also in exchange for the beautiful serpentine display ad now running on our second page, and will present one bottle of it to every subscriber who settles all arrears and pays a year's subscription in advance any time between now and April 1. This is an opportunity to be foreclosed, and if it is properly improved by our readers there won't be a single field head in Honeyville for many a year. The mucormucous infinite hair grower also makes an excellent article for pollarding furiture and exterminating rats ants. Come in early, if you want a bottle.

We understand that Jud Lawson, who was locked up in the cooler last Saturday night for reading along Princeton Avenue and yelling that he was a bigger man than Queen Lithuania, objects to the action of The Bugle in reporting him in its last issue as a "common drunk." If it will suit Mr. Lawson any better, we will retract the "common drunk" and set him down as an uncommon drunk. We study to please, Jud, and corrections are our stronghold.

The mush and milk social at the Creek schoolhouse last Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Tenison Literary society was a brilliant affair. The table fairy gowned under the weight of good things, and all went as merrily as a marriage bell. The only disappointment connected with the occasion was the failure of Bertie Sykes to execute "Moses in Egypt" on one string on the guitar as the programme announced.

It seems that when Bertie went to get his guitar to give his rendition, he found that some horrid new wrench had just pourled the instrument full of hot mush, nearly completely destroying its body and ruining a dozen pairs of earings, besides causing a sum of at least \$50 worth of muss. How long will such high handed outrages be permitted to go unpunished in this community?—Honeyville Bugle.

The Modern Way of Fighting. Professional Pugilist—Did you send my last challenge to all the papers?

Certainly. And publish the calling that you are a liar and a coward?

"Off with his head!" And tell the reporters how I licked four fellows last night?

"Yes sir." Then I'll get out. There's a fellow coming around who's threatened to lick me, and I don't want to meet him." Texas Sittings.

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